

THE ALGER LEGEND: Harvey Swados

THE NATION

July 13, 1964 . . 35c

WITHDRAWN

Planes over Saigon

THE WINGS TEAR OFF

Daniel F. Ford

Testing the New Law

Legalists, Publicists, Activists

Peter de Lissovoy

The Delinquent

Do We Hate Our Children?

Roul Tunley

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Catholics and Kennedy

Wilmington, Del.

Dear Sirs: In "Kennedy the Catholic" (*The Nation*, June 8) Thomas Fleming makes a truly remarkable statement: "Schooled in a philosophy of obedience, most Catholics will continue to find freedom an unnerving experience. . . ." Talk like that has become almost as unfashionable as anti-Negro or anti-Semitic talk. But to take the statement at its face value: from the Catholics who framed the Magna Charta, through the Catholic who discovered America, through the Catholics (Spanish and French and even a not minute number of English) who explored and colonized three-quarters of the New World, through the Catholic who signed the Declaration of Independence and the two who signed the Constitution, through the Catholics who fought and, as in the case of Pulaski, died in the War of Independence, through the French Catholics who assured American victory in 1781, through the Catholics who by the millions have served the nation in both war and peace—all these poor, superstition-dominated people have, believe it or not, really felt at home in the United States. . . .

The really unfortunate thing about the article is that there is a need for mature, responsible criticism of the Catholic Church, on the part of Catholic and non-Catholic alike. But articles containing such demonstrative inanities cannot well serve this purpose. . . .

James P. Ward

Orchard Park, N.Y.

Dear Sirs: Thomas J. Fleming's masterful piece, "Kennedy the Catholic," is especially profound in light of the real JFK mythology which has already taken root in the ghetto remnants of the Catholic community.

It recalls a tale which is currently making the rounds of the communion-breakfast circuit. The speaker occasioned to meet a very knowledgeable nun who was in turn a good friend of the late President's priest in Boston.

Reminding his audience that Kennedy had a habit of keeping his right hand in his pocket . . . he declared that the President was really saying the rosary. "Kennedy always had a rosary in his pocket, and turned to it in times of crisis. . . ."

For those Catholics who could never accept the intellectual quality, the liberalism, the social morality of John Kennedy, what better comfort than to believe that he was making his private peace through a rosary in his pocket?

My only lament is that Mr. Fleming's article—without question the

finest that has appeared on this subject—is not seeing print in the mass-circulation Catholic magazines which have experienced an agonizing reappraisal since the Kennedy years began.

Russell W. Gibbons

Santa Monica, Calif.

Dear Sirs: In "Kennedy the Catholic" the statement that "He had never been inside a Catholic school" is slightly in error. In fact he attended Canterbury, a school run by Catholic laymen, for one year at the age of 13.

Culbreth Sudler, Jr.

Armies, Inc.

Oakland, Calif.

Dear Sirs: The State Department has recently admitted that privately hired U.S. mercenaries are flying for the Congo "government" against the "rebels." Earlier we were also given belated confirmation that privately hired American fliers were operating in Laos. Could this be the reason "business" likes the Johnson Administration? . . .

With this as a guide, perhaps we can soon look forward to privately owned and financed armies operating in foreign fields. Perhaps a "Standard Oil Army" fighting China for the right to deliver oil to the "lamps" that no longer exist. . . .

D. W. Conde

Correction

Dear Sirs: David Cort's "The Crafts Reborn" (*The Nation*, June 22) is most reassuring to those who have shared the convictions about crafts, craftsmanship and the infinite possibilities for Americans. . . . The School for American Craftsmen is a part of the Rochester Institute of Technology, not the University of Rochester.

Evelyn Buff Segal

Child of the dowager

Los Angeles, Calif.

Dear Sirs: Benjamin Boretz's excoriation of the Met (*The Nation*, June 1) unfortunately stopped short of discussing the most horripilating fact about that "smug dowager"—namely, that she is scheduled to be impregnated, in spite of her senility and decrepitude, by a cultural agency potent with public (or publicly subscribed) money. After a still indefinite period of gestation and, according to reports, with the midwifely assistance of Risé Stevens, she is to be delivered of a junior image of herself—a second Met composed of "young American artists" who will be trained in a National Cultural Center and then sent out to spread the tired old gospel across the

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land. When this great cultural leap backward was announced by Mr. Kennedy, with full Presidential fanfare, one could hardly suppress a certain skepticism about the new frontiers of the arts. True, the Kennedys had made a handsome shrine of the White House, and they had had the Stravinskys over for dinner. But why didn't someone tell them that the Met is as inimical to a genuine culture as Big Steel was to the economy?

Lawrence Morton

Enforce the Constitution

In a special issue, "Time To Kill Jim Crow" (July 7, 1956), *The Nation* declared that the Constitution "is not a document to be accepted or rejected as each locality sees fit." *The Nation* said further that if all other means to insure the Negro's right to vote in Mississippi failed, troops and bayonets, and for that matter tanks and grenades, should be used to insure that right. And that is what *The Nation* says now.

Negroes and whites must be free to vote, free to travel, free to worship, free to speak and write, everywhere in the territory of the United States. If they do not have these freedoms, the Constitution is no more than a scrap of paper. In Mississippi, the only freedom the Negro has is to cringe before the white man. The white citizen from another state, who goes to Mississippi to help the Negro get the ballot, is free to be assaulted or murdered. In many sections the local law-enforcement officers are in league with homicidal segregationists, or are themselves members of lynch mobs. It was said of Nazi Germany, and of Fascist states generally, that the criminal had taken over the government and the law-abiding citizens were silent—or dead. That is not far from the situation in parts of the Deep South today.

William Bradford Huie of Alabama, writing from Philadelphia, Miss., compares the situation there with Auschwitz and the terror in Algeria before de Gaulle suppressed the French extremists. Huie points out that at least five human beings have disappeared without a trace in Mississippi this year—and the year is only half over. Noninterference with racist terrorism masquerades as "moderation." It is not moderation, it is bloodshed, and it will lead to more bloodshed. There is no difference between Negro blood, or the blood of white integrationists, and the segregationist blood which might be spilled if the President sent troops into centers of insurrection. No difference except that those who are now being killed are trying to uphold the Constitution; the insurrectionists are defying it.

Attorney General Kennedy has stated that the situation in Mississippi is a "local matter for law enforcement" in which the federal authority is "very limited." He is contradicted by twenty-nine professors of law from six universities for whom Mark De Wolfe Howe of Harvard is acting as spokesman. The jurists hold that the President has clear power to act under Section 333 of Title 10 of the Federal Code, which authorizes him "to take such action as he considers necessary to

suppress, in a state, any insurrection, domestic violence, unlawful combination, or conspiracy, if it . . . opposes or obstructs the execution of the laws of the United States. . . ."

The lawyers concede that Mr. Johnson and his attorney general may think that that moment had not yet arrived in Mississippi. In that case, Mr. Howe and his colleagues imply, they should present themselves, not as powerless, but as patient to a fault.

UN: Peace and Politics

A third resolution on the Cyprus question has been passed unanimously by the United Nations Security Council. This impressive demonstration of the ability of Security Council members, notably the United States and the Soviet Union, to agree on measures to keep the peace is all the more significant because of the earlier failure of NATO to handle the Cyprus problem and the limitations of White House diplomacy made apparent by President Johnson's recent conferences with the Prime Ministers of Greece and Turkey. This raises the question whether the time is not at hand when the world organization should be given the major role in world affairs.

This question should not be confused with the ritual advocacy of "improving the peace-keeping machinery of the United Nations." The problem is political, not mechanical. It is, of course, useful to have a well-organized force in the field when peace-keeping is necessary. But efficiency is an attribute of the means; an efficient United Nations peace-keeping force moving in the wrong political direction will not help matters.

So long as the great powers remain in agreement the Cyprus operation will succeed. The Congo operation very nearly failed simply because the great powers were by no means uniformly determined that it should not fail. If the United Nations is given a larger role in the immensely more difficult China question — a growing possibility — the same reality applies. The underlying condition for success will be political agreement, especially by the great powers.

It is obvious, one would think, that the China question is not going to be solved peaceably without the political agreement of Peking. It should be equally obvious — as it certainly is to Secretary General U Thant and his advisers — that problems in Laos, Cambodia, North and South Vietnam are all aspects of the China problem. So, palpably, is the problem of Taiwan.

It is unfortunate, as Charles de Gaulle and Alec Douglas-Home agree, that Peking is not represented in the United Nations. Meaningful political agreement is difficult in a world institution from which nearly a quarter of the human race is excluded. Fortunately, the situation is not insoluble. The way is still open for a new meeting of the nations involved in the mess in Indo-China. Such meetings were held in Geneva in

SUMMER SCHEDULE

During July and August, *The Nation* is appearing on alternate weeks: forthcoming issues will be dated July 27, Aug. 10 and 24.

1954 and again in 1962. China would again be included. From Geneva the issue could be referred to the Security Council. Agreements on neutralization of the area could be policed by the United Nations.

What Peking would accept in the way of neutralization cannot be known until the diplomats meet. It is interesting, however, that an unofficial suggestion recently has been made in United Nations circles that Peking might even consider such a solution to the problem of Taiwan.

This is an exciting vista: Neutralization at once of Laos, Cambodia, North Vietnam, South Vietnam — and Taiwan — with United Nations forces policing that neutrality and United States troops coming home. It is a possible way out for the United States that does not involve "turning its friends over to the Communists." Neutralization of Taiwan would open the way to representation of mainland China in the United Nations. Neutralization of North Vietnam and South Vietnam would open the way to UN membership for those nations. Membership for the representatives of all the world's 3 billion inhabitants would be brought closer to realization.

DONALD GRANT

Call This a Code?

After eight months of gestation, the Senate Rules Committee, winding up the Bobby Baker investigation, has brought forth a bill purporting to embody a code of ethics for Senators and Senate employees earning more than \$10,000 annually. L. P. McLendon, the committee's special counsel, who had originally proposed a stronger measure, commented: "I don't think you can draft one that doesn't have some loopholes." That is all too true, but the proposed bill is so feeble that an aircraft carrier could be maneuvered through the holes built into it.

Anything derogatory that can be said of this travesty has already been said by the three members of the committee who voted for a stronger bill—Senators Joseph Clark (D., Pa.), Claiborne Pell (D., R.I.) and John Sherman Cooper (R., Ky.). The provisions of the bill that was passed must be seen to be believed. Disclosure must be made of any business or professional activity in which the Senator or Senate employee (or officer of the Senate) has an interest in excess of 50 per cent of his salary. The amount of the interest need not be disclosed. The name and address of firms in which those affected by the measure have an interest, and which do business with the government, must be disclosed—that and nothing more. Transactions of other members of the family are exempted—all a Senator who has something to hide need do is operate in his wife's name.

Senate employees must not take part in the allocation of political campaign funds among members of the Senate. They must not, but there is no provision for penalties if they do, though Senator Clark, much to his own surprise, was able to push a belated amendment through the Rules Committee which would give that body a continuing watchdog role.

As if to make sure that the bill contained no teeth and could never be fitted with any, only financial interests held as of January 31 are reportable. Sen. B. Everett Jordan, chairman of the Bobby Baker investigating committee, was asked if a Senator or employee who made a stock killing during the year and disposed of the shares before January 31 would be required to report. Senator Jordan affirmed that he would not.

One Senator who voted for the measure said he had done so only because it was "a better-than-nothing compromise." He was wrong. A compromise that gives the appearance of correction, without the reality, is worse than nothing.

Electronic Privacy

There seems to be growing resentment against the invasion of privacy, especially in the form of telephonic intrusions and surveillance. The state of California, which often manages to be simultaneously in the forefront of reaction and of progressivism, is the locale of much of the agitation. Clifton Fadiman, who lives in Los Angeles and makes his living in New York, lets the electronic Yahoos have it in an article in the *July Holiday*: "Please Tap My Wire, I Like It!" But he doesn't; no one could be more outraged at the obsolescence of the Private Man (Fadiman's capitals).

Another rebellious Californian, Morey W. McDaniel of Palo Alto, has filed a complaint and brief with the California Utilities Commission against the Pacific Telephone and Telegraph Co. Mr. McDaniel, described as an "exasperated Stanford law student," has had a bellyful of telephone solicitors, a tribe of hard sellers which is apparently on the increase all over the country. He wants the company to put an asterisk next to the name of any telephone subscriber who requests it, and in the front of the book to insert an explanatory statement reading somewhat as follows:

No uninvited solicitation for a commercial or charitable purpose is permitted to any telephone number preceded by an asterisk (*).

The hardened hawkler might try anyway but there would be some relief, at least until the number of asterisks approached the number of listings.

If there is an element of humor in all this, the picture ceases to be funny when it is viewed in the large. Unresisted, the invasion of privacy takes on constantly more virulent forms. Thus Pacific Tel & Tel offers, under a stated tariff, telephone-monitoring equipment. It is nothing new and other units of the Bell System presumably are prepared to provide similar services, which are attractive to managers perhaps in inverse ratio to the loss of their functions to computers. According to one "educated guess," some 10,000 California businessmen avail themselves of such legally permissible devices (to be distinguished from illicit wire tapping). The stated objective is to check on the "efficiency" of the employee, e.g., whether he is courteous to the customer over the telephone, whether he is sufficiently zealous in salesmanship, how much time he spends placing bets with his bookie, etc.

Some of this may be regarded, especially by em-

ployers, as wholly justified, but the borderline is shift. A monitoring device was installed in an out-of-the-way cellar room of a large hospital by the administrator, ostensibly to obtain data for the improvement of the institution's telephone service. The equipment remained connected for three months, until the medical staff found out about it and raised a rumpus. During this period all conversations could be monitored, including, for example, reports from the laboratory that certain patients had venereal disease. In a report dated June 5, Commissioner William M. Bennett of the California Public Utilities Commission, applying basic legal doctrines, concluded that the entire Pacific Tel & Tel monitoring service was unlawful. At the very least, it needs more stringent regulation than it has been getting, in California and elsewhere. Probably it would be a good riddance if it were abolished entirely, except for specifically defined instructional purposes in situations where the trainee knows he is being overheard.

SOS — Fourth Year

The weaknesses of the Congress of Scientists on Survival (*The Nation*, July 13, 1963) were still in evidence at the fourth convention, held in New York City June 19 to 21. These limitations—perhaps a better word—are inherent in its organization as a forum for all intellectually respectable viewpoints, ranging from a doctrinal presentation of the Soviet case (including the obligatory castigation of the Chinese Reds) by academician V. S. Emelyanov, to a defense of the fallout shelter program by Stuart L. Pittman, former Assistant Secretary of Defense for Civil Defense. While all these hundreds of thousands of words were being exchanged, the Johnson Administration was engaged in enlarging the war in Southeast Asia. The gap between the doers in Washington and the speakers in New York could not have been more sharply emphasized.

Yet, if the ultimate catastrophe is avoided and the scientists continue to forgather, any partisan of peace who fails to attend will be neglecting his duty. One reason for this affirmation is that SOS consistently brings together as knowledgeable a group of people as can be assembled in the United States, or anywhere else for that matter, and a majority of the panels are highly professional. To be for peace is not enough: one must know what peace and war are all about. If peace were easy, we should have it. If we are ever to move toward it, we must bring not only emotion to the task, but technical knowledge: Women carrying babies in demonstrations may have both, but they are apt to be long on emotion. SOS is long on knowledge; on that account it is worth the time, the money, and even three days in New York in the heat of June.

The second reason for attending is that a degree of convergence is taking place between various organizations and individuals: the semi-official Pugwash conferences; the Society for Social Responsibility in Science, which made one of the panels especially enlightening; some European bodies similar to SSRS; the Federation of American Scientists; Physicians for Social Responsibility, which did a good publicity job on biological-chemical-radiological warfare; the Council for a Livable World (one of the luncheons was a memorial to Leo Szilard); and even some East European organizations or informal groupings. The yearly SOS conferences assist in a meeting of minds from which an effective consensus may emerge.

Third, there are some extremely astute operators among the SOS officials and directors. These people know what needs to be done and there is some hope they will manage to bring it about. The problem is to transmit upward through the layers of government power ideas that originate among the intellectuals who, in the United States, occupy a lowly but indispensable position. When the doers are lost in their doing they may, at some critical juncture, listen to advice.

God knows they need it. What SOS needs is time.

Planes Over Saigon

THE WINGS TEAR OFF Daniel F. Ford

In every daylight hour, from runways and clearings all over South Vietnam, the aircraft lift off under maximum power—helicopters, cargo planes, fighter-bombers, observation craft, even an occasional

Saigon

U-2. They strain for altitude, climbing in tight spirals until their altimeters read 2,000 feet or more. Only then do crews and engines relax. The only safe highway in South Vietnam is the sky, and the only safe accesses to it are the slender columns of air space above government-controlled outposts and towns.

"We've been shot at right over the city," a helicopter pilot told me in Vinh Long, home of the 114th Aviation Company. "So we don't fool around any more. These aircraft are

flying at 'max gross' every time they take off. Watch the tail-boom—you'll see the skin wrinkling from the torque. No aircraft can take that kind of strain every day of the year."

He might have been any military pilot in South Vietnam, but he happened to be flying the turbo-jet helicopter which the Bell company christened the Iroquois but which everybody else calls the Huey, from its military designation as the HU-1. The Huey is fast, compact and fair-

Daniel F. Ford, a free-lance journalist, is now in South Vietnam on a magazine writer's grant from the Philip M. Stern Family Fund. This is the first of several articles he will write for The Nation.

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ly powerful. It was designed for evacuating battle casualties, but here it flies every conceivable mission from transporting pigs and cabbages to assaulting fortified Vietcong positions. Most of the Hueys in the 114th have flown more than 1,000 hours in the past year. Four of them have gone down, and ten of their crew men have died.

Altogether, 136 of the 277 Americans who have lost their lives in South Vietnam died in plane and helicopter crashes. All but forty of these deaths were attributed to "hostile action," but there is a general feeling here that the casualty list gives the Vietcong far too much credit.

"You'll hear about planes being shot down," one T-28 pilot told me when I first arrived in Saigon. "But don't you believe it. They just fall apart in mid-air."

This attitude is common among fighter pilots, who must push their aircraft to the limits of their endurance. It became public opinion when the letters of Capt. Jerry

Shanks were published in *Life* magazine. Captain Shanks was killed on March 24 when his T-28 shed its wings during a bombing run, a possibility he had predicted many times in letters to his wife.

Since the Shanks letters were published, the Department of Defense has been fighting a rear-guard action against journalists and politicians in search of headlines. A particularly misguided example of legislative zeal appeared in *Stars and Stripes* a few weeks ago. The story told of a Congressman who was demanding an investigation of "obsolete" aircraft in Vietnam, because one of his constituents had died when a Huey lost its tail-boom and spun into the ground. But the HU-1 is not obsolete; it is simply overworked. And so is every plane which lifts off from a field in South Vietnam—even the great Pan American jets. A Pan Am clipper was hit by rifle fire last year, and its pilots don't fool around any more, either. They take off with the same urgency as the military aircraft.

It is the urgency that kills, not

obsolescence. Not all U.S. aircraft in South Vietnam are as new or even as reliable as the Huey. The twin-engined B-26, which killed nineteen airmen before it was grounded, was designed and built during World War II. But even the B-26 cannot fairly be called obsolescent, given the combat conditions in Southeast Asia: a burro is not obsolete on the east wall of the Grand Canyon. We now build jets. And our planes can fly at twice the speed of sound, carry enormous loads and span continents without refueling. They are useless in South Vietnam. Here we need planes that can rise from short, makeshift runways and fly at tree-top level at speeds slow enough to permit the pilot to spot the most elusive enemy the U.S. has ever encountered. In short, we need planes very much like those we fielded in World War II. (The reader will have noticed that I write as though the United States were waging a war in South Vietnam. Technically, of course, it is not, but out here it is difficult to be technical about it. Hypocrisy is not easily maintained in a combat zone.)

We should have learned the lesson of air combat in the Pacific fourteen years ago. The Air Force put its newest jet fighters into Korea, only to discover that they were too fast to support the ground forces. The pilots could not sight their targets at supersonic speeds, nor could they return soon enough for a second strike, nor pull up in the face of Korea's precipitous mountains. So the Air Force took its P-51 Mustangs out of moth balls, and the Navy flew AD-6 Skyraiders from carriers in the Sea of Japan.

The Skyraider is beginning to see service in Vietnam. It has not been used until now because it is a single-seat aircraft, and Americans fly air strikes against the Vietcong only when there is a Vietnamese aboard, to maintain the fiction that we are here only to advise and assist, not to fight. Whether he was a legitimate student pilot or just a sacrificial lamb, the need for a Vietnamese observer prevented us from using the Skyraider until the Vietnamese Air Force had competent pilots of its own, or until the plane was modified to seat two persons. Both changes are now in progress. Vietnamese pilots are flying a squadron of Skyraiders (under the designation of A1H) out of Bien Hoa,



Harold Barnell

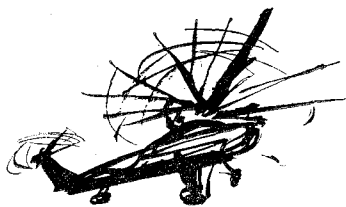
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near Saigon, and two-seater A1E Skyraiders are scheduled to arrive soon.

The Army has had a similar experience with cargo planes. A few years ago, over Air Force protests, the Army won its case for a cargo plane that was small, sturdy and able to operate under primitive conditions. Vietnam has proved the wisdom of that decision. But when the Army went shopping, it found that there was no U.S.-built aircraft which met its specifications. So it bought the Caribou from de Havilland in Canada, where bush pilots still value tough little planes. The Caribou is a Roman-nosed, cigar-shaped plane with a great, soaring

tail and an endearing homeliness that is matched by one other vehicle in the world: the Volkswagen sedan.

We are not winning our nonwar in South Vietnam—perhaps we are



losing it—and we insist upon knowing why. First we blamed our setbacks on the oppressive Diem government, and the government was changed; then we blamed the Viet-

namese soldier's reluctance to fight, and that was disproved by a series of costly operations; now we are blaming our aircraft. Down in the Mekong Delta at the end of June, while waiting for the afternoon Caribou to Saigon, I read an editorial entitled "Brave Men Betrayed." It had been clipped from a Scripps-Howard newspaper by an irate colonel, and it told how "courageous young Americans are being betrayed by ancient equipment that is no longer equal to the demands of modern aerial combat."

Unfortunately, combat in South Vietnam is neither modern nor aerial. If it were, we would have won long ago.

The Delinquent

Do We Hate Our Children? Roul Tunley

Recently I made a trip around the world, seeking background on our juvenile delinquency problems from experience in other countries. It had not been done before, and one of the strongest impressions I brought back from twenty nations in Asia, Africa, Europe and the Middle East is that we don't like our children very much.

Europeans and others expect their young to get into trouble, and are delighted when they don't. In this country, we expect children to behave, and are annoyed and frustrated when they don't. Most youth workers who come from abroad to study our methods talk about "a climate of hostility" in the United States. I think they are right. Young people who get into serious trouble, the real delinquents who commit real crimes, should be handled with dispatch and intelligence, as they are in most countries. But this type of crime is *not* at the core of our delinquency, even though it hits the headlines.

To judge from our movies, press, TV and radio, most of our delinquency stems from gang kids, or even drug addicts. As a matter of record, membership in gangs totals only 15,000 in the entire country, 8,000 (more than half) being in New York City. Dope addiction has

been wildly exaggerated because it is good copy. In my own state of New Jersey, which has big cities and a highly industrial population, the average number of juveniles appearing before the courts on drug charges annually is *seven*. For the seven, it is a catastrophe, but statistically it is not serious.

Sensationalism obscures the facts, and the facts are bad enough. At the present time, one American boy out of five will be arrested and hauled into court on delinquency charges at least once during his teen-age years. This is a shocking figure, and except for Sweden, it is the highest in the world. But if you look behind the figures, you soon wonder whether our children are getting the kind of break they would get in other countries.

For many reasons, but in large part because of our very active communications media, we balloon the difficulties out of all proportion, and very often create a problem where none exists. As a result, the public gets panicky; the police gets panicky; the press gets panicky. And because of this panic, we extend the definition of delinquency beyond anything known elsewhere. From outside the United States it almost looks as though Americans were trying to pin the delinquency label on every kid in the nation.

For example, in nearly every country except ours, a youngster is

hauled into court on delinquency charges *only* if he has committed a crime for which an adult can be arrested. Here, a youth is arrested not only for adult crimes but for a whole list of other things as well: running away, stubbornness, violating curfew, truancy, crossing the street against the lights, even smoking. In one county not long ago, a boy was held in jail 48 hours for jaywalking. Others have been arrested for swimming naked in the old swimming hole—a sport that used to be considered as American as Norman Rockwell's covers. We have promoted delinquency by statute so recklessly that our definition includes nearly every transgression of childhood.

Hence the black statistical picture. In Los Angeles, just as an example, 1,000 young people are probably in detention on any given day. In London, a city four times as large, the average juvenile detention figure never rises above 100. I doubt that anyone would seriously suggest that young criminals are forty times as prevalent in California as in England, but that is what the figures say.

Several years ago, a conference was held in London to discuss the international delinquency problem. The Americans found that to make any kind of valid comparison they had to take out of our statistics all those youngsters picked up on

Roul Tunley is the author of *Kids, Crime & Chaos* (Harper & Row).

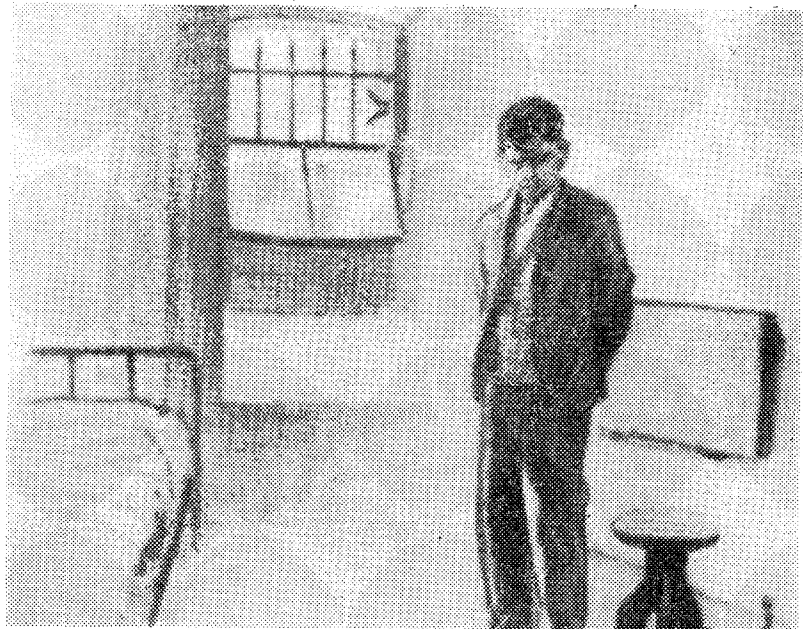
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charges for which a European child would not be arrested. Our figures of delinquency immediately dropped 50 per cent.

I think we're too quick to call our children delinquent, and I think we're unfair in other ways. For example, we're much less generous with public funds for youth than are many other countries. Let's not consider the Scandinavian countries which are relatively rich, socially progressive and always used for comparisons of this sort. But Austria is quite a poor country. Yet the city of Vienna spends 4 per cent of its budget on child welfare, excluding schools. New York, perhaps the richest city in the world and certainly the one with the highest budget, spends 1.6 per cent on child welfare, excluding schools. In America as a whole, during the last decade, Americans have spent \$110 billion on cars. They have spent \$127 billion on recreation, \$151 billion on beauty and cosmetic aids, on alcohol and tobacco. How much have they spent on public education? Seventy-eight billion!

It is not surprising, in view of these figures, that half the counties in the country have no probation service for juveniles. Or that half the counties must still lodge youthful offenders in adult jails.

Still another way in which we are unfair to the young, as compared with other countries, is in the conduct of our courts. It was not always so. We were the first country in the world to establish a juvenile court (Cook County, Ill., 1899), and by the middle of this century every state had such courts. The basic idea was that in this special jurisdiction a child would not be handled as a criminal. Guilt or innocence was not the issue, but rather, what course was best for the child. The theory is good, but the practice has fallen sadly short of it. In one county recently, two boys, with no previous record of delinquency, were sentenced to a solid year in a reformatory for prankishly painting the base of a local statue red. The judge who locked them up was automatically exposing them to a 50-50 chance of becoming adult criminals—that is the unhappy recidivism record in our prisons and reformatories. Furthermore, the taxpayers spent at least \$6,000 for their punishment.



André Galland, Illustrated London News

It sounds right that a child who has run foul of the law should be regarded as a ward of the state rather than a criminal, but as one supreme court justice has pointed out, "a child also has a right *not* to be a ward of the state." The privacy in which such cases are heard, and the very wide discretion given the judges who preside in youth courts, are an invitation to arbitrary actions. It is small wonder that the late Dean Pound should have declared that, compared with the procedures in many of our juvenile courts, the Star Chamber was a trifle.

I do not suggest that we should have criminal court proceedings for every youngster who gets into trouble. But I think we need to tighten up our procedures. We should have a stricter interpretation of the juvenile statutes, and an attorney, either retained by the parents or court-assigned, should be present to see that the rights of the child are not ignored. If the police were subject to cross-examination by attorneys in children's courts, they might be less quick to pick up boys and girls for acts of alleged delinquency.

Most people engaged in youth work in other countries feel that we are not only hostile to children, but that we put them in an impossible situation. On the one hand, we raise them to mature earlier, and studies show that as the living standard rises the onset of puberty comes sooner. Our chil-

dren therefore acquire the bodies and the emotional needs of adults earlier than did their parents. Moreover, because we have a highly advanced communications system, youngsters today are exposed as never before to adult temptations in dress, travel, smoking, drinking and sex. We have made them avid—through advertising—for the material advantages of their elders.

On the other hand, while we hold out the glittering prize of maturity, we tell our teen-agers that they musn't really touch. In fact, we withhold the advantages of being an adult longer and longer. We've told the male teen-ager that he musn't leave school until he is 16 or 17. And if he does leave school, we've made it next to impossible for him to get a job until he's 18. In the matter of sex, we assure our young maximum exposure, but offer little or no sex education in the schools. This may have something to do with the fact that there has been a 67 per cent increase in illegitimate children among teen-agers since World War II.

All in all, we place a large segment of our youngsters in an almost intolerable situation. And although they may be living in the most privileged society in history—certainly the best fed, best housed and the best automobilized—I doubt that the most important privilege of all, *proving oneself a man*, is as easy to obtain here as it is in other countries. Under the circumstances, it is surprising that there is not a great deal more delinquency.

Testing the New Law

Legalists, Publicists, Activists . . . Peter de Lissovoy

Washington, D.C.

Roy Wilkins, opening the 55th annual convention of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People in Washington, D.C., called the civil rights act a "leap forward," welcomed it as "an ally in the onward struggle," and remarked, "No sane person contends that the bill solves all problems. . . ."

A lady delegate from the Midwest arrived at the Statler-Hilton singing "We have overcome," in a glad, loping voice. People in the lobby looked around, smiled and murmured, but did not join in. She changed back to "shall."

Leaning on a balcony railing, touching the elbow of a Southerner, a high-voiced gentleman from New Jersey was wondering: "But Mississippi! What'll it do down your way—way Deep South"? He paused and added, "I mean *really*."

Negro reaction to the new civil rights legislation has made of it everything from an insult after injury to a promise of earthly salvation. Malcolm X, an "observer" (being observed and making observations) at the convention, nodding, half-smiling, a full head taller than most of the delegates who stopped to exchange pleasantries or to argue, told newsmen that the very notion of a law which gives rights to citizens reveals a basic American immorality, and that inevitable noncompliance with the act will in the end render it a taunt, a mockery, another slap in black faces. The NAACP, by implication, was supposed to hold the opposite and rosy view that the new law represents a culmination or moment of triumph or, in the optimistic cliché of Senator Humphrey, "a watershed of our history." From Malcolm's (and all the malcolms') steady commentary on events — also from occasional asides by lis-

tening students — emerged the image of a very smug Negro *bourgeoisie*, NAACP pins in its lapels, that is satisfied with fine words, paper pronouncements, acceptance in high places, while the "militants" seek "real" changes. Malcolm may have intended his appearance at the convention to be a conciliatory gesture; he has a new organization to build. Provoked, however, he jabbed repeatedly at "conservative leadership," played the "militant" of his own imagery, and hardly succeeded.

NAACP people are a little weary of being called "conservative." The charge has to do with a tactical difference, they say, but it does not even begin to express that difference. The convention evinced no complacency. It was certainly jubilant about the bill: the NAACP's Washington lobby had spent much time, money and energy organizing it through Congress. Especially at the peak of the hate campaign against the bill during the spring, the lobby's force was invaluable. Congress, at last, had caught up with the judiciary and the President; here was the long-sought legislative recognition of Negro citizenship.

But the jubilation of the delegates was always qualified, their optimism always guarded. At a meeting convened on the first day by the NAACP Legal Defense and Education Fund, Negro lawyers sketched almost bitterly the bill's weaknesses and loopholes. The act, it was agreed on every platform, was indeed a very fine document, but fell a long way short of being effectual law. The greater part of the week's discussions, and the majority of resolutions passed, dealt with the problems and possibilities and exigencies of its implementation.

Afternoons were taken up with a dialogue between the delegates and the "experts" on political action, poverty, *de facto* segregation of Northern schools, desegregation in the South, labor, housing. Actions by the national office were anticipated and explained, local problems discussed. NAACP labor secretary Herbert Hill declared that under the new act a "comprehensive

series of complaints" would be filed against certain large unions and corporations. Education consultants outlined the NAACP program of negotiation, litigation and direct action to correct school segregation in the North and called upon Southern delegates to file complaints of segregation with the Justice Department. Workshops on voter registration and on the voting provisions of the act were held for Southern delegates and youth representatives. But most controversial, most significant and most discussed was the question of testing and effecting compliance with the public accommodations section of the bill.

Wilkins, executive secretary of the NAACP, expressed his public feelings on the subject at a press conference the day before the convention opened. "If you have to change spark plugs in your car," he quipped, "you don't use a sledge hammer." The NAACP, he went on, did not intend to get involved in a "race" with other organizations to test the new legislation. The reference was clear. Martin Luther King had just announced that the Southern Christian Leadership Conference (SCLC) would look for enforcement of the law in seven Southern cities during the summer. James Farmer had indicated that, as soon as the President signed the act, CORE would organize sit-ins and demonstrations to challenge resisters. Wilkins' stated feeling was that the law's success across the nation would depend largely upon voluntary compliance, and that neither headlines now nor a militancy contest among civil rights groups during the summer would do much to stimulate the necessary good will.

Wilkins' antipathy to King's battle style is not new. For several years, the latter's growing constituency and apparent successes have provoked some demand at a local level within the NAACP for stronger, more dramatic leadership, and for as many years it has been clear that Wilkins would not, or could not, provide it. NAACP branches enjoy an autonomy far greater than do those of the other organizations. Policy is made by the national of-

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July 13, 1964



Roy Wilkins

fice, but the details of its execution are left to the locals; convention resolutions, similarly, are always fairly general. There is relatively little personnel at levels of the NAACP hierarchy between the national office and the branches, and the executive secretary has never felt empowered to seize control of the affairs of any branch, no matter how strategic the branch or important the affairs.

Critics of the setup say that the very structure of the NAACP, and certainly the personalities of the men leading it, prevent the organization from capturing mass imagination, or from directing the Negro struggle as it assumes new forms. The ambiguities of the public accommodations title of the act and the certainty of resistance to it in the South, they claim, will give new life to the nonviolent movement; the NAACP, accordingly, will suffer further setbacks.

Defenders of Wilkins and the

methods he represents point to the ill feeling about "outsiders" that spreads like a wake across the black communities that have been organized by King and his lieutenants in their swing through the South. If the movement might best be served at this time by a careful and selective testing of the public accommodations title, SCLC is probably least fit to serve. A visitor from Atlanta phrased it clearly: Charismatic leadership may well run away with the masses; it can as easily run away with itself.

At the convention this year, the dissidents made a bid for change. The Manhattan (New York) branch — regarded as one of the more "radical" locals — proposed an amendment to the NAACP constitution that would have had the president, now chosen by the board of directors, elected by the rank and file. Amendments and resolutions are not supposed to be

made public until they have been adopted, but the Manhattan proposal was quickly leaked to the press — by its opponents, according to Manhattan — and was immediately and widely interpreted as a move to replace white President Arthur Spingarn with a Negro. Many of the delegates, reacting to the news about the proposal rather than to the proposal itself, felt that it would be construed outside the organization as a pro-black step, and that they had to oppose it. The amendment's supporters emphatically denied this interpretation of their intentions, and insisted that they wanted simply to democratize the organization. Whatever their motives, direct election of the president or other national officials could mean a change in the nature of NAACP leadership, and the proposal rallied those who seek such change.

The amendment was defeated. When both the resolutions and the constitutional revisions committees rejected it, L. Joseph Overton, its chief backer and a member of the national board, brought it before the board, where it found no second. Supporters then took it to regional meetings, seeking approval among the rank and file of delegates, and there it was finally and decisively killed. The defeat was in some measure a vote of confidence in Wilkins and the established conception of leadership in the organization. Whatever reservations delegates might have had about the leadership were not strong enough to outweigh the risk of making what could be construed by the public as a black chauvinist move. The convention's overall resolution on implementing the civil rights law called on branches to "seek immediate compliance" by owners of public accommodations covered by the law in their areas, but made no specifications whatever about tactics or timing.

On the third day of the convention, the more than 2,000 delegates marched from their meeting place to the Justice Department to demand federal protection for the students and Mississippi residents who are seeking this summer to register Negro voters and maintain "freedom schools" for black children in the state. In the morning, when the marchers were gathering, I spotted two SNCC pins — black

The NATION

and white hands clasped on a black and white background—and asked the students wearing them if they represented a SNCC delegation to the convention. The boy said no: they hadn't even remembered that there was going to be a convention until, two days earlier, they had chanced to see some Nazis picketing the hotel and, figuring that there would therefore be something worth seeing, had stepped in for a look.

I asked them what they thought of the march.

"Oh it's fine," the girl replied. "Better late than never, you know."

Would she participate in it?

"No, I've got to pack for Mississippi. Give 'em something to demonstrate about up here."

It was clear that she felt toward the NAACP's reaction to Mississippi terror as she did toward the nation's: it was about time. An older woman listening to us grew a trifle indignant: "Look honey, everybody's got to do what they can. The march. . . ."

"Oh the march is fine," the girl broke in. "Really!" she said, and raised her eyebrows, and that was the end of the conversation.

The leadership issue has been part of a wider difference, most apparent in recent years as controversy over direct action and the role of youth. By 1961, the visible Negro rights movement in this country was being led by preachers, like King, and students, some of whom had just broken from the NAACP and formed their own organization, the Student Nonviolent Coordinating Committee (SNCC). The tactic of the day was direct mass action, and the organization best able to dispense it was one equipped with a few golden voices and a tight squad of daring young organizers. The NAACP, committed for half a century to the courts, the schools, the conference table and the press, was losing support fairly rapidly, especially among the young. Not that it had ceased doing a job, but with school desegregation its most dramatic issue, it was losing touch with the masses. A faction developed that envisioned the NAACP's regaining command by employing one or more elements of that magic combination: dramatic leadership, a commitment to direct action, and the independence of and support for students and the young.

The push in that direction culminated last summer. Resolutions adopted at the July, 1963, convention in Chicago called for use of "all appropriate means of attacking segregation and discrimination . . . including sit-ins, picketing, mass protests . . ." and a greater autonomy for youth leagues from local branches. Weeks later, demonstrations in Columbus, Ga., organized by local youths and youngsters on the staff of the national office, put the resolutions to a test. The adult leadership of the Columbus



Malcolm X

branch opposed the demonstrations and asked Wilkins to call home staff members and to cut off whatever funds they might be receiving from the national office. Wilkins refused, affirming the convention's resolutions. The demonstrations continued.

The Columbus situation typified subsequent NAACP involvement in the nonviolent movement. The national executive played a supportive rather than a leading role. For reasons of image, Wilkins does not lead demonstrations, but in Columbus, as elsewhere, he has had a hand in them through his youth field secretaries. At present, there are two such national secretaries—one for the Southeast and one for the Northeast, but there are plans for more. The youth "task force"—a secretary and the student staff he directs—represents an almost SNCC-like organization within the NAACP. The task force, responsible to the national office, is free of control from local branches—and

free thus to carry on a direct action campaign of some scale.

Thus, the NAACP will become involved in testing the public accommodations aspects of the new law after all. Bobby Hill, the secretary for the Southeastern states, has funds for at least twenty student organizers and a summer program for testing by direct action in Florida, North and South Carolina, Tennessee, Georgia and Mississippi. His twelve organizers will try response to the bill in accommodations clearly "public," but also in smaller cafés and restaurants not so obviously covered by the legislation, in order to gain court rulings that would enlarge the domain of the act. There have been no trumpets for the program. Headlined predictions which might make of it the kind of "sledge hammer" Wilkins disparaged have been avoided. There will be news enough in the next few months.

The Council of Federated Organizations (COFO), which is behind the Mississippi Summer Project, includes the NAACP as one of its members, but it is very much the creature of SNCC and CORE. The NAACP has yielded up some money for the summer, but the other two groups have done almost all the organizing and recruited almost all the personnel. The verbal support which the Washington convention offered the students in Mississippi seemed therefore a little belated and did not wholly avoid charges of show stealing. Indeed, some of the measures and proposals—notably the selection of a team of delegates to go to Mississippi and "investigate"—appeared more show than anything else.

But it was not all show. A speaker to a civil rights rally can throw out no surer bait for applause than "unity in the struggle." A lot of verbiage is expended weekly on a lot of platforms to paper over some real splits in the movement with rhetoric about togetherness. But the differences in policy, personality and prejudice that do divide the various civil rights organizations have a way of closing up in the presence of any real crisis, and Mississippi this summer presents such a crisis.

The convention's call for a boycott of products from Mississippi, if the whole organization moves behind it, could start a most significant and successful selective-buying campaign. The proposed expansion

of staff in Mississippi might make the NAACP's presence in COFO somewhat more apparent. The convention, at the end of the week, called upon both major parties to repudiate the Mississippi delegates to their national nominating conventions and to certify "freedom delegates" elected not at white-only caucuses but democratically at genuinely open meetings. SNCC has spent many months gathering evidence to prove discrimination and illegality in the elections sponsored by state party machines. The NAACP will maintain a lobby at each of the nominating conventions in order to influence the selection of candidates. At the Republican Convention, the lobby will make an all-out attempt to block Goldwater's nomination. An unprecedented resolution stating NAACP opposition to the Senator and calling for his rejection by the Republican Party insures an anti-Goldwater campaign before, during—and if necessary—after the convention.

In 1964 a maximum number of local, state and federal officials will be elected. More strongly than at any time during the past several years, the "militant" youngsters in

SNCC and CORE and the "conservative" NAACP are moving toward one another. The political opportunity is what draws them together. Delegates at the NAACP convention were urged time and again to speed up voter-registration drives in their home areas, to participate in political activity on every level and of every kind, to carry on education programs in their communities in order that the civil rights stands of every candidate for every office be manifest to voters. The stress of SNCC's program in Mississippi this summer is upon voter registration and education. Across the South the organization is supporting six Negroes who are running for Congress, and numerous candidates for lesser offices. Though NAACP policy precludes outright endorsement of candidates, the programs of education it carries on mean in practice endorsement or opposition, and, with the anti-Goldwater resolution as a precedent, its opinions will be clearer than ever in the fall.

In the past few years the NAACP has begun to follow the students' lead into a program of direct action. The students, during the same period, have augmented the single tac-

tic which initially gave them independence and force with an increasing commitment to political action. The gap that was unspannable two years ago is bridged occasionally today. In southwest Georgia, SNCC, working with the C. B. King-for-Congress campaign, has decided to eschew direct action this summer in the interests of King's political chances. Rather than risk middle-class Negro alienation from the campaign or the kind of disorder that might prevent King from stumping into the farthest regions of his district, the students will work to delay direct action till after the election.

The NAACP task force that will be testing the public accommodations title of the civil rights law, however, will move into Georgia. An organizer was to be in Fitzgerald, Ga., on July 1, and Bobby Hill will visit Albany—headquarters of King's campaign—during the month to assess the effects that direct action by the NAACP might have upon that segregated town. The irony of the switched roles is apparent—and with it, the inadequacy of the labels by which we understand the civil rights organizations.

Reviving Passamaquoddy William S. Ellis

Gorham, Me.

It is a paradox of our times that while man strives to reach the moon, the moon itself is offering an unclaimed benefit right here on earth. Harnessing the tides for electrical power is not a new idea. Indeed, it has been under serious consideration off and on for forty years. And even now, in this countdown age of scientific sophistication, it has retained its boldness. Just as Franklin D. Roosevelt became enthusiastic when he was first sounded out on the idea in 1920, so today there are those who see an exciting challenge in the development of tidal power.

There are those, too, who remain convinced that it would represent the height of folly. The battle lines have formed, as they have formed several times in the past, and the

war cries always associated with TVA-like stirrings are being heard again. As usual, the shrillest voice is sounding the shibboleths of Free Enterprise. Socialism not only creeps, it warns us; it also rides the waves.

Where and how to harness the tides are no longer problems. In this country there is only one feasible location for such a project, and that is at Passamaquoddy Bay, an arm of the Bay of Fundy, that terrible-tempered body of water separating Maine and the Canadian province of Nova Scotia. Fundy's tides are the highest in the world, rising to 40 and even 50 feet. The amount of water that the Bay of Fundy feeds into Passamaquoddy twice each day is more than double the flow down the Mississippi River in a two-week period. It is a tremendous surge of raw power, simply waiting to be trapped, channeled and utilized by many New Englanders who now buy power at

one of the highest rates in the nation.

The basic engineering principles of the plan are simple (see diagram). Certain of the many islands in Passamaquoddy and adjoining Cobscook Bay would be joined by dams to create two pools, a high pool and a low one. The waters of the incoming tide from Fundy would be trapped in the high pool, then released when power is wanted through power-plant turbines into the low pool. At low tide, the water would leave the low pool and go back through the bay to sea once again. The engineers of Quoddy plan to fit it into the Eastern power grid as a peaking facility (to provide extra power at the hours, principally late afternoon and early evening, when the demand suddenly jumps). As the urbanization and industrialization of the Eastern seaboard grows, peaking becomes an increasingly important factor, and hydrogenerators have the advan-

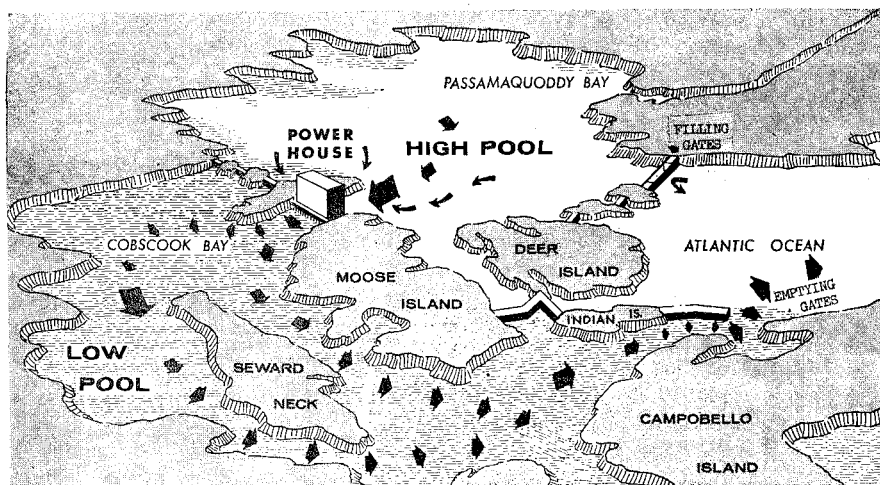
William S. Ellis, a former New England newspaper reporter, is now a freelance writer.

tage over the usual steam plants, and even more over the coming nuclear plants, that they can deliver power instantly, with no warm-up time. Quoddy would not be dependent on the tide schedule; water would be held in the upper pool until such time as the periodic need for current called for its release. Eventually, transmission lines from its generators would reach as far as Boston, and they might hook in to the network serving the New York area.

To work in combination with Quoddy, and provide power at other than peak hours, a dam and hydroelectric plant would be built on the St. John River, at the northern Maine village of Dickey.

Quoddy would cost more than \$1 billion and would probably take between ten and fifteen years to complete. In February of this year, members of the Maine Congressional delegation introduced bills in the House and Senate to authorize government construction of the mammoth project, and thus to revive one of Roosevelt's most cherished dreams. While vacationing on Campobello Island, he came to know well the waters of Fundy. He gave his full support to the project, as conceived by an engineer named Dexter P. Cooper, and in the late 1930s work was actually started. When an initial outlay of \$7 million was authorized, a community known as Quoddy Village sprang up on the Maine coast to house workers. Critical reaction was quick and strong. Quoddy became a major target for the private power companies and others who deplored the government's growing role in economic and social affairs. There was no letup, and Congress, stung again and again by charges of boondoggling with Quoddy, finally retreated. Funds were cut off. By the end of 1939, work had been abandoned.

As the years passed, Quoddy was never entirely forgotten. There were the reminders of the one false start: the shuttered barracks at Quoddy Village; the partially completed earth dikes; yellowed clippings of newspaper editorials hailing a new and prosperous era for Maine and, indeed, all New England (not too many of these, though, since many of the papers in Maine counted, and still count, heavily on power-company advertisements). Meanwhile,



the rates for power from private companies continued to rise and the memories of a Quoddy that almost was became sweeter still.

Nor was it forgotten in Washington. In 1948, at the urging of Senator Margaret Chase Smith and others, the United States and Canadian Governments asked the International Joint Commission (IJC) to take another look at the proposed project. Eight years later, Congress authorized an appropriation of \$3,300,000 for a comprehensive study by the IJC; after another five years the commission determined that, while Quoddy was feasible from an engineering standpoint, it would not be worth the money.

But the IJC had failed to take into account certain new developments, such as an expanded market for the cheap power and recent innovations in low-cost construction methods. This time Maine's other representative in the Senate, Edmund S. Muskie, did the urging, and President John F. Kennedy directed the Department of Interior to conduct a "special review" of the IJC study. For awhile it all sounded like a new round of dodge ball with the same old assortment of political pitches. However, the Department of the Interior then announced a new Quoddy plan, one taking into consideration all the new cost and engineering and power-use factors. Now, they said, Quoddy was feasible in all respects. On the strength of that finding, and with President Kennedy's strong endorsement, the project's backers decided once again to seek Congressional authorization.

At first the private power companies tended to ignore what was happening. They had heard it all before. Cheap public power in New England, the home ground of hick-

ory-hard conservatism? Not likely. Yankees, they reasoned, take pride in their stubborn independence, even if it results in exorbitant electric bills. In 1963, the national average cost to a user for 250 kwh. of electricity was \$7.48. The cost in Maine was \$8.99. Only in Alaska were rates higher.

But when it became apparent that Washington was seriously excited about the new Quoddy plan, the private companies began their campaign. It is now in full swing and includes such tactics as having representatives appear in high school classrooms to show films of the atomic power plan in Rowe, Mass., owned by a combine of a dozen utility firms in New England. This, the students are told, is what the future holds for power production — a statement both true and already taken into account by the designers of Quoddy's special function. Another sample of the propaganda is this from the Central Maine Power Company's bulletin, *The Lamplighter*, mailed out each month with bills: "The Federal government now owns over one-third of the nation's land area—771 million acres. In eleven western states and Alaska the government owns 65 per cent of the land. Socialism is leaping—not creeping."

The Massachusetts Electric Company went straight to the point in a tract sent out recently to its customers:

A classic illustration of waste by government of the American taxpayers' dollar is contained in the recent announcement by the Interior Department that the long ridiculed and discarded Passamaquoddy project for harnessing the tides as a source of electric power suddenly has become "economically feasible" and should be

built at a cost of over a billion dollars to provide power for one hour a day use. Based upon Interior's own figures, it is difficult to conceive of any source of power which could be quite as expensive as Quoddy. . . . Your electric company has taken the position that there is no need for a government power project such as Quoddy in the northeast.

The leaflet invites readers to send for a copy of its house organ, *Contact*. Those who do so receive an issue given over to a piece called "The Folly of Quoddy." Here, heavy emphasis is placed on the fact that the tidal-power project would be used only a short time each day. This, it is maintained, constitutes a monstrous waste of money. The fact remains, however, that peaking power is urgently needed in New England and that the private companies are not able to provide it. Furthermore, with the inclusion of the hydroelectric unit on the St. John River, power would be available at other than periods of peak use and rates to users would be cut 25 per cent, according to government estimates.

The long-term benefits of Quoddy are grandly dismissed by private power. For every dollar invested, it is estimated that returns in benefits will amount to \$1.27. Further, Quoddy would mean more jobs in an area where unemployment has been a serious problem ever since the Civil War. To stroll through the streets of Eastport and other upper Maine coastal communities is to be enveloped in the awful silence of aged inactivity. The only thing that seems to be moving is the wilderness; the forests are reclaiming parts of Maine. Abandoned farmhouses are swallowed up in wooded growths; branches stab through windows, many still with shutters designed for protection against the arrows of Indians, and roots eat away at the fine pumpkin pine floors. Recently, there have been reports of mountain lions stalking the encroaching wilderness in the north-central section of the state.

So, if Quoddy did nothing else, it would go a long way toward helping the state to get out from under the dreadful weight of depression and decay. It would provide many years of work for many men—more than \$80 million in salaries. Even as a tourist attraction alone,

Quoddy would be a significant benefit to Maine. It is important to note that, unlike most other hydro-power systems, a tidal plant involves no flooding of existing land, since the water in the upper pool cannot rise above the normal high-water mark. As plans are now developing, Quoddy would be closely tied to the proposed Allagash National Riverway, an area to be supervised by the National Park Service and designed to preserve northern Maine's classic wilderness.

The development of Quoddy would break the grip of the powerful economic interests that profit from northern New England's reluctance to meet the twentieth century head on, and they are not going to give up easily. For instance, when Albert A. Cree, board chairman of the Central Vermont Public Service Corporation, and William H. Dunham, president of Central Maine Power Company, spoke at the recent 26th annual American Power Conference in Chicago, the subject was Quoddy. "Economic monstrosity" and "a sinful waste of national resources" were but two of the labels these managers of private power in New England fashioned for the project.

At one point Mr. Cree said:

The truth of the matter is that this is just another attempt by the federal public-power crowd to secure a foothold in New England in order to establish a federalized power empire in the great Northeast—New England, New York, Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Delaware, Maryland and perhaps reaching into Ohio and Indiana. The people of New England do not need and, in my opinion, do not want the federal power crusaders operating within their borders.

Mr. Cree is quite wrong about the sentiments of the people. For the most part, they do want Quoddy, and if their shouts of encouragement to what Mr. Cree calls "the federal power crusaders" are somewhat lacking in volume, it is simply because they have been disappointed before. These people have no fear of being subjects in a "federalized power empire." The truth is, they have been subjected to the dictates of a private power empire for as long as they can remember and it has cost them dearly. Also, to tell them that Quoddy would be a waste of taxpayers' money makes little impression. Can they be ex-

pected to be impressed with that argument when they read that the amount it would take to construct Quoddy was spent to design and build the XB70A bomber, an airplane no one seems to know what to do with? For the cost of this one flying machine—this useless, ridiculous, sleek-nosed thing—New England could have cheap power for as long as the moon is in the sky.

Some opposition to Quoddy has come from Canada. It is feared that the project may bring harm to the extensive Canadian fisheries in the maritime provinces. In April, representatives of both governments met in Boston to discuss the matter. Although no details of the session were disclosed, it was reported that all present agreed that the problem could be overcome. A report for presentation to the two governments was drawn up.

Canadians living in New Brunswick have in the past been unresponsive to Quoddy because of their fervor over the proposed all-Canadian Chignecto Power and Navigation Scheme, at the site where the Bay of Fundy meets the Northumberland Straits. They are somewhat wary of Quoddy because past Canadian-United States power ventures have not always worked out to their advantage. However, the attractiveness of Quoddy becomes clearer each day, and more and more voices of support are being heard in the province. Chignecto, like Quoddy, would be a peaking power station, and it is possible that some of its output would be transmitted on the Quoddy lines to Boston.

While development of Quoddy continues to emerge slowly as a very real possibility, France and Russia are going ahead with tidal power projects of their own. Under construction since 1961, the final gap in the French dam in Brittany was closed late last year, blocking off the Rance River from the Atlantic Ocean, at St. Malo. This installation will work on much the same principle as Quoddy. It is expected to start producing electricity in 1966. The Russians are constructing a huge tidal power plant in Kislayaday Bay, Siberia; it will have a capacity of perhaps 5 million kw.

It is not unlikely that Quoddy will die once more in Congress. But if it does, it will be proposed again in future years. Its very boldness is like a life jacket, preventing it from ever sinking into oblivion.

Ragged Dick in the Last Lap

FROM RAGS TO RICHES: *Horatio Alger, Jr., and the American Dream.* By John Tebbel. The Macmillan Co. 245 pp. \$4.95.

HORATIO ALGER or *The American Hero Era.* By Ralph D. Gardner. Wayside Press. 505 pp. \$5.95.

SUCCESS STORY: *The Life and Times of S. S. McClure.* By Peter Lyon. Charles Scribner's Sons. 433 pp. \$7.50.

Harvey Swados

In between reading Mr. Tebbel's modest new study of Alger, and Ralph D. Gardner's amateurish treatment of the same subject, I had an interesting conversation with a recent immigrant to the United States.

The young man with whom I spoke had arrived less than three years ago, knowing no more English than hello and goodbye, and without a trade. Born a Moslem on the island of Rhodes, and speaking only Greek and Turkish, he had come here determined to make something of himself, leaving behind his parents and almost all his relatives. He had studied electronics in trade school, and English as well.

"At first it was awful," he said to me. "Not to know a word in a big city like New York, it's like having the walls pressing down on you all day."

Now he is service manager of a metropolitan store. He earns what he himself calls "crazy money," \$10,000 a year. He has an American wife, a house in the suburbs, a new car.

"In Greece," he concluded, "I could have dreamed about this, sure. But I would have been dreaming about it all my life. Here in this country you can do it. If you want it bad enough, you can do it."

The young man had never heard of Horatio Alger, but he was a personification of the American Dream, a tribute to its persistence. Even during the depression Gilbert Seldes could write (in *Mainland*):

The Horatio Alger stories were not compensations for defeat; they

Harvey Swados, author of several works of fiction, also edited the anthology, *Years of Conscience: The Muckrakers, for Meridian.*

were true to the universal American belief and true to fact in enough instances known to every man. It was not a handful of robber barons who were successful, but millions of immigrants who came with nearly nothing and lived to see their children prosperous. . . .

Mr. Seldes, demonstrating that he had more of a handle on the reality of the mental state of the Union in 1936 than did many contemporaries on his Left, went on to say: "After five years of a depression which all the experts name as the final convulsion of the capitalist system, the average American still rejects the idea of any inevitable tragedy in his life. He may be an utter fool but he lives by his folly."

It is the opinion of Mr. Tebbel that "the American Dream was in itself a chimera, without real substance, a delusion so strongly held that no one dared question it, and so beloved for itself that no one wanted to doubt it." He turns to Henry Steele Commager for a definition of the Dream as expressed in Alger's tales of boys who made good. In *The American Mind*, Commager observes that these tales were alike in "preaching the same moral in language so simple that even the most immature mind could not fail to grasp it: opportunities lie all about you; success is material and is the reward of virtue and of work."

Since Mr. Tebbel feels that the Dream, so defined, "was doomed from the beginning," he finds a nice irony in the life and works of the strange little man who always wanted to be a serious novelist, admired above all other writers Henry James (!), ran away from Harvard Divinity School two months before graduation in order to take a crack at *la vie bohème* in Paris, and alternated between stealing other men's wives and living as the celibate confidant of the inhabitants of the New York Newsboys Lodging House. It may be noted in passing that almost none of this is to be found in the hagiography of Mr. Gardner, who apparently wishes us to believe—despite the fact that his research has been more painstaking than Mr. Tebbel's—that Alger was both sexless and unswervingly devoted to a father whom Tebbel describes as sanctimonious and sadistic.

Mr. Tebbel is struck by the "astounding" possibility that Alger himself "did not believe in the American Dream and distrusted his own formula." As he says of the Alger books (no one knows for sure how many of them Alger wrote himself), "what he [the Alger hero] came to be celebrated for was precisely what he did not do. [Alger] constantly preached that success was to be won through virtue and hard work, but his stories tell us just as constantly that success is actually the result of fortuitous circumstance." Invariably, Alger's heroes are honorably poor and hideously virtuous, but neither their poverty nor their virtue turns the trick: "It is almost always an incident which brings them to the attention of a successful businessman, who gives them the job which makes the difference. . . ."

So Mr. Tebbel concludes, "Money, Alger seems to be saying, should be the natural reward for honesty and hard work, but it makes a better story if the boy gets it by saving a rich man's son from drowning or proving to be the same man's son, kidnapped in childhood by a scheming relative."

This perception is one of the few new elements in Tebbel's biography, which draws heavily, as the author acknowledges at the outset, on a previous one by Herbert Mayes published thirty-five years ago. (Mr. Gardner makes no mention of the existence of the Mayes book in his extensive and otherwise useful bibliography and catalogue of Algeriana. We may assume however that it is Mayes to whom he refers in his preface: "A previous volume, written more than a generation ago, was interesting, but contained few facts, many errors and omissions, and must be considered as fiction." A curious charge, coming from one whose notion of biography is the invention of wholesome, high-minded, and wholly imaginary conversations between the hero and his family and friends.)

What Tebbel is saying, in effect, is that the American Dream and the Alger myth are not quite interchangeable concepts; according to the first, material success is a direct result of hard work, while in Alger, success comes by accident. But Tebbel may be making much of little, and perhaps Gardner in all his simplicity may be nearer the mark when he

observes: "Readily acknowledging that luck played a hand in their destiny, Alger often pointed out that his boys, by being alert and intelligent, were able to take advantage of opportunities that passed others by. And frequently, the author explained, his hero—sensing emergency—was quick to act while others stood by, transfixed by fright or bewilderment."

Even if Tebbel's point has merit he does not pursue its implications. For in that case Alger himself was implying that in America success could only be achieved by grace of the upper class. If the Alger hero invariably succeeded not through merit but through a deed touched by luck and by the gratitude of rich men, then he lived out a fairy tale in a class society.

The American Dream, unlike the Alger myth, is not rooted in upper-class largess or accident. But it has depended none the less on the tolerance if not the aid of what we nowadays prefer to call the Establishment. And while such aid, acceptance or co-optation is accorded more subtly than it used to be to Ragged Dick or to Tom Tracy, it is still essential. That is why Mr. Gardner's extraordinary collection of testimonials to Horatio Alger is at once unintentionally hilarious and unintentionally touching, for this weird crowd of public personalities is for the most part dead or superannuated: Benjamin Fairless, Alfred E. Smith, Carl Sandburg, Herbert H. Lehman (who knew Alger personally), Michael V. DiSalle, Francis Cardinal Spellman, James A. Farley, Joyce Kilmer ("who produced some of our loveliest poetry"), Ernest Hemingway, Christy Mathewson and Knute Rockne. . . .

Observers more attuned to the contemporary than these have elected to recognize the class nature of American society. In the process they have often tended to regard the American Dream as invalid; as Tebbel says:

"In the twentieth century, the dream as expounded by Alger was no longer the belief of millions but the transmuted property of a conservative bloc in Big Business, with an auxiliary in the advertising industry."

But what of my friend from the island of Rhodes? The mystical belief that America is different *does* persist, through depression and war, and it is nourished not only by capitalist propaganda in the mass media,

but by the letters the old folks in Greece are no doubt receiving from their son.

A more precise definition of the American Dream would have to take into account not only the Alger moral that success is material and the reward of virtue and hard work, but also, I should think, the specifically American belief that success can be won by the individual acting as an individual, and not as a member of a clan, a class or a nation. Otherwise how are we to distinguish the American Dream from the Russian Dream?

When we regard the matter as it is reflected in the flashy career of S. S. McClure, the miserable little immigrant boy whose first years in this country, Peter Lyon tells us, were "closely akin to the preposterous tracts of Horatio Alger," who struggled through college, wed the girl of his dreams, and went on to become one of America's great editors (and greatest has-beens), we are rewarded with an irony far more pungent than the one which intrigues Mr. Tebbel. It is not that, after having won his Hattie, McClure discovered that he needed to conquer other women, just as he needed the dream of other publishing triumphs even while he was hailed as one of America's most brilliantly successful magazine editors. It is rather that this self-made man lived his finest hour as the sponsor of the muckrake campaign in American journalism, with the simultaneous publication in January, 1903, of "three long, vivid, arresting, carefully documented articles, each probing deep into a sore in the American body social and politic."

This embodiment in American journalism of the Alger hero and the American Dream reached his apogee with these attacks on industry, labor and government by Ida Tarbell, Ray Stannard Baker and Lincoln Steffens, which McClure printed, together with an editorial, "Concerning Three Articles in this Number of McClure's," described by Mr. Lyon as "perhaps the most important ever to be published in an American magazine."

While Mr. Lyon may exaggerate somewhat the singular significance of S. S. McClure's editorial role in the muckrake movement, and downgrade those who did the actual writing, there can be no question but that the American Dream, or at least the myth so assiduously reiterated throughout the age of the robber barons by Horatio Alger, Jr., could never again

be absolutely accepted after the rags-to-riches tycoon brought out his January, 1903, issue of *McClure's*. The robber barons of the late nineteenth century were denuded of the ennobling garments of the Alger myth, for even if they had worked as hard as Ragged Dick, it was now made clear that they had not worked virtuously. There is the finest irony of all—it is almost as if Alger himself had plowed back his royalties into lobbying for an early version of medicare or a crash program for the technical training of the underprivileged.

But if the American Dream has been fading ever since the muckrakers first undertook to bury it, five years after Alger's death, it persists in two seemingly unrelated quarters—the underdeveloped lands like that from which my Moslem acquaintance fled less than three years ago, and the white working class here in America, which still nourishes itself with the belief that a man can make it on his own rather than in concert with his union or his class. Among the vast middle class, the Dream has been supplanted by the cooler notion of seeking security by meekly entering the corporate hierarchy and playing the game according to the new rules. Since this idea has been sweeping Western Europe as well, it should be identified as an international rather than a purely American mystique despite such apparently contradictory phenomena as the French student demonstrations for better education and the British "brain drain"—the migration of English intellectuals to America.

Only in the age we are just now entering, characterized by a great movement toward absolute automation of commodity production and consequent unemployment, distinguished not by its temporariness but by its permanent presence, shall we see the destruction of the Alger myth and the American Dream once and for all—not only among the poor blacks but among the poor whites as well. The latter are hardly likely to accept as its replacement the dream of the mindless, middle-class cuddle in the secure bosom of the corporation; they are too dispossessed to consider *any* dream of self-improved status as worth dreaming. More probably, the dreadful void already spreading in the hearts and souls of the dispossessed, which neither religion nor Marxism nor television has so far been able to fill, will become epidemic among them.

The Pad in Brooklyn Heights

Oliver Evans

In the late thirties and early forties, cooperative living establishments — both formal and informal — were fairly common throughout the United States. One of the most extraordinary of these was located in Brooklyn Heights, in an old brownstone house that has since been torn down, and what made it extraordinary was the number of talented individuals—most of them relatively unknown at the time—who lived there between 1940 and 1945. Not since the Brook Farm venture in Massachusetts a hundred years earlier had so many American intellectuals attempted the hazardous experiment of living together under one roof.

Everything about the Brooklyn colony was sensational, including the way its headquarters came to be chosen. George Davis, the editor of *Mademoiselle* and a bachelor, had for some time been dissatisfied with his apartment. One night, the story goes, he dreamed he was living in a huge old brownstone house in Brooklyn Heights; the dream was so vivid that the next day he took a subway to Brooklyn and, after a brief search, actually found the house he had dreamed about. The two were identical down to the smallest detail — and the real one was for rent. Davis telephoned Carson McCullers, the twenty-two-year-old girl whose first novel, *The Heart Is a Lonely Hunter*, had just been published and who, he knew, was also looking for a place to live; they met at the house and took immediate possession.

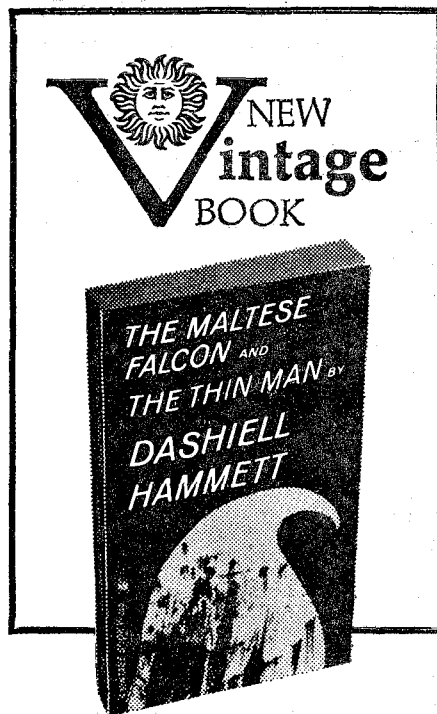
Wystan Hugh Auden was also in New York at this time, looking for a place to settle. Carson McCullers and George Davis invited the poet to stay with them and he accepted. In time they were joined by Auden's friend, Benjamin Britten; by his friend, Peter Pears, the operatic tenor who has often sung Britten's work; by poets Louis MacNeice and Chester Kallman; by novelists Christopher Isherwood and Richard Wright; by the historian Golo Mann (Thomas Mann's eldest son); by the composer and novelist-to-be Paul Bowles and his wife, Jane, who was a novelist and future playwright; by Oliver Smith, the stage designer; and by Gypsy Rose Lee, whose collection of surrealist paintings became one of the finest in the United States. All of these people did not occupy the house simultaneously —

some of them were great travelers, and when one went away another would sometimes take his place — but they all considered themselves charter members and continued to live there off and on for the next five years or so.

Though the orientation of the group was artistic rather than political, most of its members considered themselves liberals and endorsed Roosevelt's policies. Brooklyn was an appropriate home for them, with its liberal tradition which dated back to the time when it had been a center of abolitionist activity and Walt Whitman worked on the *Daily Eagle*, where he wrote the antislavery editorials that eventually cost him his job. There was a strong literary tradition as well, of course, with Whitman and Whittier, Emerson and Thackeray living or coming to speak there frequently in the nineteenth century — a tradition which was carried into modern times by such noted residents and habitués as Hart Crane, Marianne Moore, Truman Capote.

Seven Middagh, as the house was generally known, became the nearest thing to a salon this side of Paris. Dozens of house guests and hundreds of callers passed through, among them some of the most impressive names in literature, art and music during the war years: composers Virgil Thomson, Aaron Copland, Marc Blitzstein and Leonard Bernstein; surrealist painters Pavel Tchelitchew, Eugene Berman and Salvador Dali; novelists Anaïs Nin and Erika Mann. Tchelitchew did a whole set of murals on the walls. Friendships were formed there that have lasted over the years.

As Mrs. McCullers was, in the beginning, the only regular woman occupant, the housekeeping chores fell to her, but she was not overscrupulous about them and in any case the task must have appeared insurmountable; the place, therefore, customarily had a littered look. Sometimes, with Auden's assistance, she would cook some of the dishes that she had learned to make as a child in Columbus, Ga. Later, when the establishment achieved a greater degree of organization, servants were hired and each occupant paid his share of the cooking and housekeeping expenses to Auden, who ran the show. Paul Bowles recalls: "It worked very well except



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RANDOM HOUSE

for a few terrible rows, which were inevitable."

Brooklyn's Brook Farm stood on a quiet street lined with maple trees; in the autumn the children would rake the leaves and make bonfires of them. It was a big, comfortable house with a back yard, and the neighborhood still had something of the quality of a small town while remaining metropolitan in spirit because of its ethnic and cultural variety. The Middagh house people knew their neighbors — especially Mr. Parker, the druggist on the corner, who seemed to be acquainted with everyone in Brooklyn Heights. On their right lived an eccentric old lady; it was rumored that she had once been jailed for smashing the window of a saloon in a temperance demonstration. She collected stray dogs, kept a pet monkey, and was said to be very rich and very stingy. "Miss Kate," the antique dealer on Fulton Street from whom the charter members bought many furnishings, suffered greatly from the cold, took a bath only once a year, and was usually to be found crouched over a little coal stove in the rear of her shop. "She has one of the handsomest and dirtiest faces that I can remember," Carson McCullers wrote. "She

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sleeps every night wrapped in a Persian rug and lying on a green Victorian couch."

Mrs. McCullers used to walk with George Davis along Sand Street, which stretched from Brooklyn Bridge to the Navy Yard. Lined with bars, with shops selling navy uniforms, and with cheap hotels and rooming houses, it was a gloomy place by daytime. But when night came, there was a never-ending flow of sailors and streetwalkers, and the lights of the bars glittered. In one of these bars Mrs. McCullers saw a little hunchback who skipped about, was petted by everyone and treated by the proprietor as a sort of mascot. He became, of course, the model for Cousin Lyman in *The Ballad of the Sad Café*.

It was in Brooklyn, too, that Mrs. McCullers conceived another of her novels with a Southern setting. The characters — drawn from her own childhood — had haunted her for some time, but she had not been able to arrange them in any sort of satisfactory relationship. One Thanksgiving, when everyone was sitting before the fire with brandy and coffee after the big turkey dinner, a fire engine roared by. Gypsy Rose Lee rushed out to look; Carson followed, and suddenly the idea of the book became clear to her. Catching Gypsy's arm, she shouted over the noise of the fire engine: "Frankie is in love with her brother and his bride and wants to become a member of the wedding!"

With the ending of the war, the colony began to disperse. Some of the members returned to Europe; Paul and Jane Bowles went to Morocco where, except for brief visits to this country, they have remained ever since; and still others relocated in Manhattan or suburban New York. From Seven Middagh Street they went on to produce the works of their maturity, so that the Brooklyn period of apprenticeship constitutes an important footnote in the intellectual history of America. Their decisions to move in no way meant that the "experiment" had failed; they had always been transient, cosmopolitan people, and the really remarkable thing — even taking the war into account — is that they stayed together as long as they did.

Oliver Evans teaches English at San Fernando Valley State College. He has written poetry and a travel book; his critical biography of Carson McCullers is scheduled for fall publication.

ART

It was hard this last season to be indifferent to a horde of needling exhibitions, notable for their attack as sheer theatrical environment. Ever more frequently, the galleries have presented such varying delights as fetishism, gigantomachy, nudie movies, kinetic sculpture, billboards and Brillo (both fake), electrically operated noise makers and neon assemblage. This hurly-burly — hard sell, resourceful or sarcastic by turns — might be called the new amusement park syndrome in art. At its mercantile heart are techniques impersonal, even industrial in operation. In fact, the distinction between art and artifact so dwindles as to cause not merely basically equivocal attitudes toward creation, but a uniformity of feeling about it. The ambiguity may conceivably be an advantage, but the uniformity is potentially a drag upon the vitality of modern art. No recent show of contemporary art has embodied these contradictions more completely, or with greater fascination, than the New York World's Fair.

In fairs on the scale of the present one at Flushing Meadow, the free-enterprise system mirrors itself as flatteringly and seductively as it knows how. Neither permanence nor restraint hobbles a project whose aim is an artful fantasy in which individual products are not nearly so important as the spectacular packaging of the business idea itself.

But fairs usually generate the same dilemma: how to implement their rage for symbolism without an awareness of or respect for the advanced architecture of their day. In the past they had recourse to nascent engineering, a solution as inspired as it was appropriate. The industrial revolution could come increasingly out into the open, and after a long-fought battle the machine itself could be exhibited in lieu of, but with all the seriousness of, art. Technology, bathed in an aura of heroism, became self-symbolical, and fairs, as one writer phrased it, penetrated social consciousness as "apotheoses of progress." All this no longer stands as an issue at Flushing Meadow. Instead, we are shown something no less — and no more — than the world of our own experience. And if this gaggle of structures falls short of utter realism

POP ON THE MEADOW

in depicting our promiscuous urban-scape, it is only because they are grouped a bit too cheek by jowl, a trifle too hugger-mugger.

This is not to say that the spectacle ever for one moment approaches the reasonable. Business has for so long been presenting itself throughout the land in vulgarizations of the geodesic and poured-concrete wonders of modern architecture (themselves nourished by engineering), that the fair seems merely a concentrated reflection of them. As a result, an unrewarding (because egalitarian) search for ornament, and the effect-mongering of the present building scene, have been hardened into a caricature and put into the special context of an occasion. This context charges edifices which have the scale and stance of architecture, but not its abstractness, which possess the spatial daring of sculpture, but not its individuality, with the bizarre status of Gargantuan objects. Even this, or perhaps especially this, has its own peculiar relevance and justness in mirroring American life in 1964. (To the extent that the foreign pavilions approach this status — and hence show American influence — they gain interest, and in proportion to their reaction against it, mere distinction.) To gaze upon the forest and egg IBM pavilion (planned by Eero Saarinen) and the Tower of Light (sponsored by private utility companies, and looking like a clot of broken-off searchlight beams) is to witness the curiously sterile excitement required by a childish American imagination. Nothing at Flushing is more frivolous or phony than the religious pavilions, which have been cut off severely from their decorative and ethnic traditions. The New York World's Fair, inevitably, is a fun house for adults.

Under the circumstances, the fair's connivance with modern architecture has been only a trifle more deliberate than its collusion with modern art. The latter has not merely been trying some rather striking new paths of synesthesia; it is also becoming notorious for defining beauty always in the terms of the commercial culture itself. For the first time, the aesthetic qualities of a world's fair cannot be measured against those of contempo-

The NATION

rary visual art (and of course, found wanting) because the two are now locked together in a symbiotic relationship quite beguiling to behold. On the level of taste, if not intention, there has been such astonishing agreement that the difference between commerce and art begins to dissolve very much as do objects, images and reflections in a hall of mirrors.

Doubtless the man of the hour here is Philip Johnson, whose garrulous control-observation tower with the gaudy plastic canopy, at the New York State Pavilion, is far more uninhibitedly and agreeably *kitsch* than his new theatre at Lincoln Center. There is no more significant tip-off of the fair's character than Johnson's sophisticated choice of ten artists, mostly Pop, to decorate his set piece at Flushing Meadow. But one wonders if he anticipated the effect of the Lichtenstein or Indiana (a monstrous "Eat" sign), and the excellent Rauschenberg and Rosenquist, blown up to epic proportions, and clarioned outdoors for all to see. Deprived of their intimate gallery atmosphere, the silk-screen-transformed color photographic and billboard montages of the latter two artists are returned to their approximate point of origin, and the displacement which once gave them so much pungency is minimized. These works of art cease to be creative expressions intruding into the world of manufacture, and become instead equivocal flora of that world. An alarming cycle has been completed.

One learns a great deal from such an episode. At bottom, art and commerce have never been genuinely allied, but it took this moment of their greatest convergence to dramatize the full quality of their opposition. Even in their obsession with commercial design, ambitious artists always bracket or contain it. Popular culture is their subject, their nature, so to speak; it is not their artistic form. Business, on the other hand, when it is not collecting art as a corporate display of status, is bent on subjugating, or more politely channeling, it to widespread purposes of cajolery. Each force thus tries to encircle the other. If the captains of industry were pleased to find artists gratuitously affected by the glamour of advertisements, they must by now be disconcerted to see how unaffiliated that interest has become. Art, typically enough, is not playing fair.

Some rather confused intimations of that resentment crop up here and

there in Mr. Moses' vast enclave. In the patriotic introductory film at the United States Pavilion, for instance, there is to be seen among an orgy of American flags, the "Three Flags" of Jasper Johns—visible long enough for a quick eye to note the brush strokes. A bit less mysterious was a touch of nervous horseplay at the sparkling IBM show (conceived by Charles Eames). Here, an announcer calls for a work of art to appear on the screen, gets a filmed shot of Andy Warhol's Campbell Soup cans, demands "real" art, and is rewarded with an Ingres Odalisque by an obediently programed projector. If anyone was aware that monotonously aligned soup cans may contain an oblique comment on computer technology, there was little to indicate that Johns's painting has nothing to do with nationalism. But there is no reason why the works of art should not be manipulated this way, since they themselves similarly subvert the signs and symbols which were their original motifs. This is another *volte-face* in which "communication techniques" triumph over a content which is too simple to stand unadorned in commerce, and too ambiguous to be more than secondary in art. Not what you say, but how you say it: that is the principle.

In this light, the New York World's Fair is a riot of vignettes that would make many a Pop artist jealous, just as it is a sequence of tableaux that were indirectly influenced by him. And everywhere there are coincidences and parallels between the two. To a person who has seen the latest Rauschenbergs, for example, the possibilities of what that artist could do with the controls of the RCA color television engineers — who "tune in" the complexions of TV stars — are excruciating. And the grotesque wonders Oldenburg might perform if given access to the new synthetics in the duPont labs fairly stretches the imagination. Already his work (and that of Wesselman) suggests that in the "House of Good Taste" industrial life is imitating art. In addition, the all-over lettering on the IBM dome is reminiscent of Chryssa, and a U.S. Pavilion display of a cardboard cut-out crowd waving real placards recalls Marisol. Finally, Disney's auto-parts jazz band (Ford) is a cute variant of an idea that Joe Jones used quasi-electronically in his music-making contraption a while back at the Cordier show, "For Eyes and Ears." In fact, the environmentalist's dream is a living reality at the fair — if the

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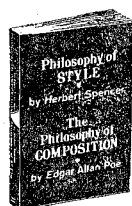
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vicarious sensations it so incredibly amplifies can be called reality.

The most authentic innovation of the fair is its employment of a kind of environmental cinema, which ranges from the 360-degree theaterama at New York State, through the encompassing screens at Johnson's Wax, to the dialogue with real people at duPont, to the flashing, segmented, shifting and sliding screens (showing photographs, movies, prints and diagrams) at the IBM and the United States Pavilions. Coupled with its recorded voices, its Muzak and its conveyor-belt handling of spectators, this cinema presages whole future areas of the audio-visual to be explored by the Pop artists — especially those like Warhol, Conner and Whitman who are going into the movies. It is all a great testament to Yankee ingenuity, shared incestuously by artist and business designer alike.

Of course, artists are hampered by a shortage of funds and materials which are at the limitless disposal of the latter. Or at least they are suddenly made to look hampered when big business decides to gild itself in Veblenian ostentation. Art, however, can take its revenge in satire which, in turn, makes industry look totally wanting in self-criticism.

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The final cleavage between the fair and the galleries, however, lies not in appearance, theme or methodology — which are at moments startlingly similar — but in mentality. The gap is best expressed in terms of innocence and cynicism. Any image or process which the two fields have in common forces a comparison between the enlightened and realistic cynicism of the artists and the unenlightened, dreamy innocence of Madison Avenue. The one shocks, the other lulls. But on the level of ethical comparison the rules are reversed. Thus, products are unscrupulously marketed, and appetites shamelessly pandered to, in a capitalist system whose moral corruption throws the aesthetic world into

a light of touching purity and ingenuousness. And yet Pop art gains affluence and recognition essentially through businessmen collectors whose way of life is deeply questioned by the art they patronize.

Hence the ambiguities of the New York World's Fair are moral as well as aesthetic, and its tensions are social as well as technological. Above all, in its waste, opulence, impermanence, falsity, cheeriness and energy, it expresses something quintessential about that hybrid work of art which is American civilization. It also develops eyes to see a new beauty. All in all, the show has considerable color in its cheeks.

MAX KOZLOFF

THEATRE

GREAT BRITAIN'S NATIONAL

London

The British have had to wait till 1963 to establish a national theatre for which the first concrete suggestion was made in 1848. Now that it has been set up we see that it is good. Since its opening last fall, ten plays have been presented. Of these I have seen seven. All of them, despite the reservations I shall make, are also good. I shall not speak of *Saint Joan*, transferred from the repertory of the theatre in Chichester (a sort of summer annex of the main enterprise), nor of *Hamlet*, Frisch's *Andorra* and a double bill of Sophocles' *Philoctetes* and Beckett's *Play* which, failing to attract a sufficient audience, have been dropped.

The first play I saw—the company's latest—was *The Master Builder*. The critical response to this production has been negative. The play was held to be "dated" and fault was found with the casting of Maggie Smith as Hilde Wangel. I thought the play fascinating and Maggie Smith, one of England's best actresses, though certainly not a conventional choice for the part, quite interesting. I am exasperated when a play like *The Master Builder* is called "dated" because certain of its characters refer to trolls and Hilde speaks of hearing "harps in the air." It was as normal for Norwegians in 1892 to speak of "trolls" as for us to talk of "traumas." A trauma is no more material than a troll! And for an enthusiastic young girl of the time to speak of hearing "harps in

the air" is no more odd than for a girl today to say that listening to Thelonius Monk "sends her."

The theme of Ibsen's play remains vital. It concerns the fear and frustration which often agitate the aging artist (or anyone of signal achievement) that he may be superseded by a rising generation and be found "dated!" The temptation of such a man is to suppress or deny the new voices clamoring to be heard; frequently he harbors a sense of defeat, the suspicion that he has not accomplished all that he might have done or dreamed of doing.

The Master Builder is Ibsen's confession, an avowal of the contrary pulls of his nature. The protagonist, the architect Solness, began his career by building churches, but made his reputation by putting up ordinary homes for well-to-do families. Ibsen aimed at creating great epic drama—*Brand*, *Peer Gynt*, *Emperor and Galilean*—but the world came to honor him for *A Doll's House*, *The Wild Duck*, *Hedda Gabler*. Ibsen foresaw the time when his "middle-class" art (his realism) would no longer serve our needs. He denounced the old "ideals"—the God or gods of his fathers—but felt a deep hunger for some inspirational force with which to replace them.

The dialectic of the generations with its concomitant psychological tensions are real enough and constant. What brings all this to life in *The Master Builder* is Hilde Wangel, a

The NATION

character who, for all the nineteenth-century and Scandinavian innocence of her vocabulary, is as vivid, sharp, contradictory, virtuous and amoral as any impatient young girl anywhere today. To this aspect of the role—the bubbling will to mount to the heights—Maggie Smith, with her irrepressible humor, adds a tangy contemporary touch that emphasizes what is enduring in the play.

Michael Redgrave may be a little soft for the ruthless, egocentric Solness (though “soft” men—particularly artists—in such circumstances are often unconscionably tough, even petty) but he has a certain grandeur, he is thoughtful and he knows very well what the part is all about.

The result is a production—all of it well cast—very much to the point. What is missing is *mood*; the spiritual atmosphere which must inform a play's structure. This fault, as we shall later note, is perhaps symptomatic of something in the artistic make-up of the National Theatre company.

Next I saw Farquhar's *The Recruiting Officer* (1706) in which love intrigues typical of eighteenth-century English comedy are combined with a shrewd commentary on the army's ugly devices of recruiting. The play is richly written, utterly beguiling in its characters, as well as delightfully funny in its scenes.

With a perfect cast, the production is in every way successful. Once again Maggie Smith holds the stage with a wise gleam in her eye, benevolently feminine mischief in her heart, laughter in her spirit and an attractiveness that stems more from the whole composition of her qualities than from her physical person. In the cast, too, Laurence Olivier (artistic director to this company of fifty-one actors) plays a small part in a manner so absolutely right and original that it lingers emblematically as the obtuse, mendacious, boastful, good-natured, thoroughly self-satisfied (satisfied with the fun of cheating, fighting, guzzling, wenching) petty officer who is as much at ease in the army as a pig in a trough. This characterization, which should be set beside Olivier's unforgettable Shallow and his fop in Sheridan's *The Critic*, is a masterpiece.

The Recruiting Officer was followed on my schedule by Harold Brighouse's *Hobson's Choice*, a play first produced in 1916, though it mirrors the Salford (Lancashire) of 1880. The play fore-

shadows the breakdown of class snob-

bery in England; it also proves that a “corny” comedy can be art and that social reflection may be fun. The story is of a masterful lady of thirty, threatened with spinsterhood by her plainness and by her father's exploitation, who chooses a semi-literate cobbler as her husband, and sets out to stiffen his backbone and give him the semblance of an education. In doing so, she shatters the paternal fortress. *Hobson's Choice* is an utterly charming stage piece—all smiles, sound sentiment and good sense.

Joan Plowright, with her spunk and dark, determined, glistening eyes, her speech that sounds sweetly of Midland streets (the accent is usually accounted ugly, but on Miss Plowright's lips it acquires a wonderful savor) makes Maggie Hobson a girl to treasure, the salt of womankind and of British moral will.

No less effective is Frank Finlay, an actor who plays bluff working-class characters with archetypal truthfulness and lends them a warmth one might not guess they possessed. He is the darling boob of whom Maggie makes a man. Michael Redgrave has been accused (partly because of the enormous beard which frames his face) of turning Hobson into a musty King Lear. It seems to me, however, that his performance was “saved” by that beard! There are actors who require a mask—a strong external characterization—to set their imagination free. Redgrave is such an actor. His Hobson, formidable in girth as well as in height, red-nosed, cunning and stupid, blustering and weak, embattled and pathetic, is both funny and forgivable. He provides the production with a strong anchor.

Chekhov's *Uncle Vanya*, with Redgrave in the name part, Olivier as Astrov, Plowright as Sonya and Rose-

mary Harris as the professor's wife, was given a thoroughly understanding production. The last two acts are especially moving. Redgrave is brilliant in the scene where he bursts out against his selfish pedant of a brother-in-law, and in his final grief, inconsolable by the brokenhearted encouragement of Plowright's Sonya, he reduces us to tears.

Still, for all its excellence, the production reveals something of the company's shortcomings. Mannerism often takes the place of mood. (“Mood” results from a confluence of the actor's being with the total environment or soul of the dramatist's creation.) In this production one recognizes a company of meticulous actors who have gone reverently to work. But for Chekhov, sound craftsmanship, even dramatic intelligence, are not enough. This *Uncle Vanya* lacks, not entirely, but enough to leave me a little dissatisfied, the true core of the play—that palpable *idealism* which is at the heart of Chekhov's writing and generally of the Russian character, even in some of its negative aspects.

Thus Rosemary Harris, exquisite as the beauty gone to waste, seems more like an affected bluestocking than a richly endowed woman in whom the sap of life is slowly evaporating. The effect is unintentionally comic, but not comic in Chekhov's way, which is never the least brittle or even faintly depreciatory.

Redgrave's Vanya, on the other hand, might assume more comic meaning in the correct sense if he were less the stifled intellectual at the outset (less “romantic” looking as well) and more the flustered, slightly disheveled, self-neglecting dreamer going to seed.

The visual sign of what I have indicated is the stylized plain wood setting, which is an abstraction of noth-

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ing. It suggests hardly any place either actual or symbolic—only a kind of literal dead end, wholly juiceless. The loneliness and ennui of Chekhov's world may be stultifying but they are never dry.

The climax and sensation of the National Theatre's season is *Othello*. With *Macbeth*, *Othello* is the most closely knit, the most tightly constructed of Shakespeare's plays. Here poetry and action are perfectly wed.

As *Othello*, Olivier—and this production is all Olivier, though Maggie

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Smith is an appealing Desdemona—builds the part with crafty logic. But what is most remarkable about Olivier's performance is not the line of its dramatic evolution or the kind of common-sense realism he brings to the opening scenes but the bravery, the tempestuous scenic courage with which he depicts the moments of Othello's agony. Here there is such an explosion of searing sound, of groans, of gasps, wild and broken outcries such as few English-speaking actors would attempt. Such display of histrionic temperament—in this instance the savage orchestration of the emotion of jealousy—is, despite Hamlet's admonition against overacting, the proper style for the interpretation of Shakespearean tragedy.

The killing of Desdemona and Othello's suicide are staged with fierce imagination: Othello holds Desdemona in his arms all through the speech which precedes the moment when he stabs himself with a thin blade concealed in a leather band around his wrist. This, and the elaborate murder of Desdemona, exemplify the kind of red-blooded theatre which we long to see because, while it is supposed to be "traditional," it is rarely found on our "serious" stages today.

Audiences and critics, too, have been much impressed with Olivier's Othello as a *Negro* characterization: the special gait (a slight swagger on bare feet), the resonant low-keyed voice, the somewhat weighted tone and stress of speech, the sensuous mouth, the black man's particular smile and laugh. All this is notably well done, but my mind refused to acknowledge it because I could not help thinking that all this paraphernalia might be unnecessary if a Negro were acting the part.

Everything that consummate skill, splendid vocal and physical equipment, intelligence, observation, theatrical flair can accomplish, Olivier achieves. And yet—I am almost tempted to apologize for saying it—the substance of genuine feeling, which Olivier indicates magnificently, is not actually present. I am excited; I am not touched. I shake with the impact and daring of the performance. But I am not convinced of the authenticity of the play's emotion, nor am I entirely informed as to its meaning.

Olivier knows all about what happens to a man suffering the anguish of jealousy, but he can only imitate—not live it—on the stage. Something in this marvelous actor's nature is per-

petually withdrawn. There is always a captivating mystery in Olivier's performances of tragic roles, but also a strange stoppage of personal feeling at their center. The inner sources of emotion—the "floodgates"—are unaccountably closed. Though he has a superb faculty for forcing their release, the will to make his secret and most intimate sentiments emerge, they seldom do. That is why I am obliged to consider his acting in comedy or character roles more complete than his performances in tragedy.

Two more things must be said. The production is not especially euphonious. The reasonable realism of the approach makes most of the lines clear but rarely gratifying to the ear. This may also be due to Frank Finlay's utter unsuitability for the role of Iago. He was chosen on the ground that Othello would never be taken in by Iago if he were a "spectacular" character, one whose "honesty" was not of a blunt unvarnished nature. This is mere rationalization, a trick to heighten the effect of an effulgent Othello by a dun Iago. It has little to do with Shakespeare, whose realism is never commonplace but always heroic.

A far more important consideration is the fact that although Olivier is intuitively right in trying to make his "Negroid" characterization a means to reveal the crucial element of sensuality in *Othello*—the play is a "history of lust"—he brings to this aspect of the part a charm, a sort of subtle, leading-man sex appeal which is not precisely what the play demands. *Othello* is a tragedy of desire. There is more appetite than love in the "noble" Moor. Iago's machinations are, so to speak, only a function of Othello's concupiscence. His sensual passion is the cause of his torment; the true reason for his downfall. It should have a torrential force, a volcanic heat. When Olivier suffers the throes of jealousy he is human, all too human, which may endear him to us, but by that very fact diminishes Othello's Shakespearean stature.

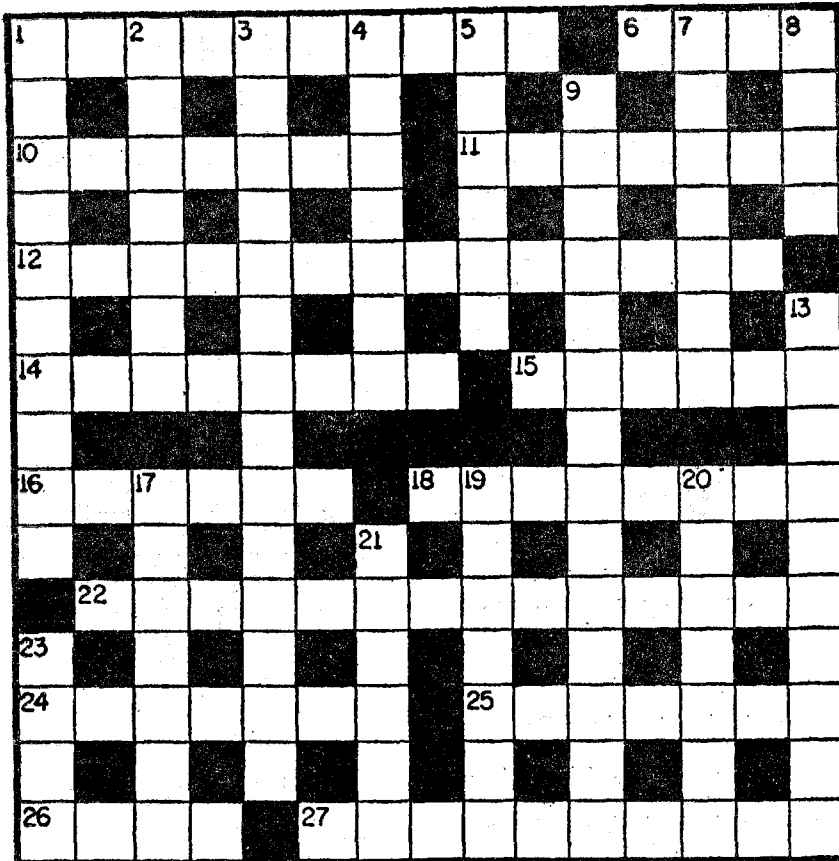
If I have seemed unduly crabbed about a week of playgoing, which at all times afforded me true pleasure and with a company I hold in high esteem, it is because I have chosen to regard the work of the British National Theatre in the light of art rather than as a series of "great shows" that may serve to give a kick to our spare time. One doesn't gush over art; one contemplates or ponders it as an event in one's life.

HAROLD CLURMAN

The NATION

Crossword Puzzle No. 1066

By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

- 1 Does it show how much stock is taken in welcoming visitors? (6, 4)
- 6 Found on a king? Quite the opposite. (4)
- 10 Tire for a wheel animalcule? (7)
- 11 This is rich! (7)
- 12 Development land? (8, 6)
- 14 To bring it back in defeated circumstances makes it stupified. (8)
- 15 Where the iceman might make a spectacle of himself. (6)
- 16 Its course was westward. (6)
- 18 Dish you might find when you have the back edge reexamined. (8)
- 22 Evidently they allow pets in at least part of the hotel. (3-2-3-6)
- 24 An unexpected stroke allowed in a certain rhyme scheme. (7)
- 25 Progression of steps. (7)
- 26 One who knots things in a row? (4)
- 27 Did Carson think they kept the noise level down? (10)

DOWN:

- 1 Do they stand on the record? Quite the opposite, as the underdog may aspire to. (10)
- 2 It might prove dangerous to spurn

a maiden so. (7)

- 3 Evidently a French rod wasn't used to make one. (6, 8)
- 4 He is sometimes called the founder of polite comedy. (7)
- 5 The result of divided points. (6)
- 7 His father came back and sat in Macbeth's place. (7)
- 8 Deeds of 23 down. (4)
- 9 Would an omnibus story be? (14)
- 13 How to title such things as the Rocking R? (Particular smokers might.) (4, 6)
- 17 Get something other than lay healing, perhaps. (7)
- 19 An afterdinner nap for some marks a high spot. (7)
- 20 Storm in full color? Delighted to see it! (7)
- 21 One spoke to Don Juan. (6)
- 23 What's supposed to make Tom go bad in 8? (4)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1065

ACROSS: 1 Straphanger; 9 Recalled; 10 Tailor; 11 Fenders; 12 Rattail; 14 Maroon; 15 Overcoat; 17 Chessman; 20 Uplift; 22 Anodyne; 24 Goodman; 26 and 28 Franco-Prussian War; 27 Spinners. DOWN: 2 Trap doors; 3 Aileron; 4 and 13 Hide-bound; 5 Nitrate; 6 Exist; 7 Geneva; 8 Lolita; 16 Caledonia; 18 Honors; 19 Minnows; 20 Utopian; 21 Flairs; 23 Donor; 25 Asti.

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July 13, 1964

WHO KILLED PRESIDENT KENNEDY?

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"In some 4,000 miles of travel (around the U.S.) in the past six weeks, I did not encounter one single person who believed he or she had been told the whole truth. . . . Most of those questioned indicated a complete lack of faith in the official reports on the case. . . . Off hand, I cannot recall any time in peace or war, when this was such a universal reaction." — Kenneth L. Dixon, N.Y. World Telegram and Sun.

"Is the possibility of a treasonous political conspiracy to be ruled out? Not the least fantastic aspect of this whole fantastic nightmare is the ease with which respectable opinion in America has arrived at the conclusion that such a possibility is absurd; in most other countries what is regarded as absurd is the idea that the assassination could have been anything but a political murder."

—Commentary

"There is a feeling that the responsible authorities are in possession of information that has not yet been given to the public. . . ." — Henry Brandon, Saturday Review.

"I cannot accept as proven facts the incoherent conglomeration of circumstantial evidence against him. . . . If Oswald had lived, I do not see how he could have been convicted, or the conviction upheld on appeal."

—Leo Savage, The Reporter.

"The Warren Commission must tell us if the FBI or any other government intelligence agency was in any way connected with the alleged assassin, Lee Harvey Oswald." — Harold Feldman, The Nation.

"As citizens the aspects of the case we should find most troubling are the ineptitudes of the Dallas police, the carelessness of the Secret Service and the arrogant above-the-fray attitude of the FBI. In a democracy there is no place for a 'secret police', however holy their reputation." — Harriet Van Horn, N.Y. World Telegram & Sun.

If you are one of the millions of Americans assailed by questions and doubts about the assassination of President Kennedy, you will be fascinated by the sifting of the evidence by a veteran journalist and his conclusion that Oswald — despite the official version — was not the lone assassin. You will be shocked by his biting analysis that views the case against Oswald as a tissue of improbabilities, contradictions, and outright falsifications — and Oswald as a convenient fall guy for powerful conspiratorial forces. No wonder the Warren Commission asked the author on March 6, 1964 for a copy of the typescript. You will probably read this book at one sitting and with the strongest of feelings.

Some of the Contents

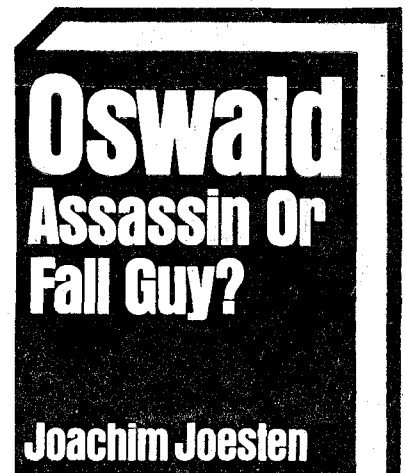
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